

Only Single Ring Ever Invented
that Closes on the Outside
of the Nose.
BROWNE'S
Elliptical Ring
Triple Groove Hog & Pig Rings,
Only Single Ring that closes
on the outside of the nose. The
only points in the nose to keep it sore.
Exclusive Manufacturer, DECATUR, ILLINOIS.

my wherever found. Sold by
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The best novelties in those are fully described
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PROF. R. JENNINGS & SON'S
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only sure cure for Milk Fever in cows.
A Panacea for all diseases of a febrile
nature in cattle, when given as directed. Sold
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the farm of 345 acres located one and one-half miles from the growing manufacturing and business center of Michigan. This farm has good soil, fine timber, and a large amount of cultivation. Forty acres of green grass. Will divide into 160 and 90 acre farms. For further information apply to the owner.

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Also buy lots, farms, mills, shanties, etc., for sale in Michigan on easy terms.

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Stock and Grain Farm For Sale

about one hundred and eighty-six acres.

and forty of which are improved

in the form of two or three

acres of wheat on the ground; two g

houses; three grain and hay barns, h

orsebarns, feed and grain houses, etc.

and all kinds of small fruit; trees and

other conveniences. Would

make a good home for a family.

McCALL BROS., Owosso, Mich.

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McCALL BROS., Owosso, Mich.

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Minnesota & Dakota

FOR SALE.

N.W. FARM AGENCY,
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5,000 acres for sale at from \$5 to \$10

an acre, with all expenses paid.

Apply early, for sale as soon as

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increase in value.

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over 5,000 acres of farming land in

Michigan. Good soil, well

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mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of

for planting all varieties of VEGETABLE

and FLOWERS.

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now ready, so

free to all applicants. It contains all

and most popular sorts of

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all the desirable novelties of last year,

and everything else in my line of business.

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one who makes strictly first-class better

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E. S. HIBBERD

April 20, 1866.

horticultural.

Lenawee County Horticulture.
At the April meeting of the Lenawee County Horticultural Society, the subject for discussion was small fruits.

Mr. Helme said he should plant a patch of strawberries this spring in long rows—James Vick on the outside, Crescent next, Sharpless next, and Green's Prolific last. He referred to a patch of Sharpless occupying seven rods of land, that yielded five bushels the first year and six bushels the next year. He said, however, it had not yielded so well for him; he could get more berries from any of the other varieties named, but not such large and handsome ones.

Mr. Wickham preferred the Green's Pro-life as well as horses and cattle. The best fence of galvanized wire was proposed. School in every respect. Give it a fair trial; it will pay. We make the best, cheapest, deft and the neatest cheap iron fences now made at Angers. For prices and particulars see us, Richmond, Ind.

No RATCHETS or
OUT OF ORDER.

DUMP RAK & SELV.

WHEELS WITH

Tires bolted on.

RATCHET

STEEL

Lever and Swinging Cleat

Material.

Nearly

done

make

it

the

Coil

and

Drop

Tooth.

See it

and

you will appreciate it.

P. P. MAST & CO.

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immunity from law suits. *For circular*

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NICE MEDICINE.

Heel Lotion.

and Grease Heels.

Price, \$1.00.

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sure their lives for \$1.00? It never fails.

LINIMENT.

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guaranteed among the most prominent

for our Practical Doctor Book, or \$1.00

certified veterinarians in this country.

40 Michigan St., CHICAGO

VS TO HORSE OWNERS

The Cure for Heaves.

Powders are made from a root of a noted

Surgeon, and have been thoroughly

4 years in this country. They are

safe and

cure

colds,

Lung Fever, Loss of Ap-

Pink Eye, Distemper.

As a Blood

Cure, or for Pras-

ence, or order per

Price, \$6 per

Address, mentioning this paper.

Power Co., Barbado, Wis.

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We Powders and care for horses that are

CARL BORKENHAGEN.

Fully described and illustrated with price

catalogue, 100 pages. Write for it. Fre-

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SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

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THE

IRON TURBINE

WIND

ENGINES.

And Durable, will not

Shrink, Warp, or Rustic

Wind.

JCKEYE

FORCE PUMP

easy and throws a constant

flow of water.

Best Force Pump in the

World.

and can be used in any

manufacture of the

Leather, Hides, Back,

Rope, Twine, Sprinklers,

Wrought Iron Fencing, etc. Send

samples and prices.

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TON GRINDER

Perfect Mowing

MACHINE KNIFE

CRINDER.

Weights but 18 lbs.

Fitted into the field and attached to Mow-

ing Machine.

Circumstances sent

WILSON BROS., Boston, Mass.

70-130.

S NEW TILE

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Weights but 18 lbs.

Fitted into the field and attached to Mow-

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THE VERY BEST

HECKLER & HOOVER, Boston, Mass.

70-130.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

Will convince the most

doubtful.

THE REEDY is all

chromic diatomaceous

Board and

Rockwell in their late

and early

months.

is a thousand fold better than gills or

of disease.

The New Improved

Octobr.

all cur-

Nervous, Muscular, Stromatic

of batteries on hand. Send for "Tempting

and

Health."

for which

These also had monograms.

these he is enabled to induce the wine maker to take a portion of his Concord for the sake of securing the coveted wine grapes, or if he chooses to press them himself and ship the juice, it affords him the same advantages. The experience of those who have attempted to place pure Concord juice on the market at a profit in anything like a wholesale way have found it difficult and discouraging undertaking, while those who have either wine or grapes of desirable varieties find a ready market at satisfactory prices.

Remedy for Rot.

It seems Prof. Cook objects to all surface remedies, like sulphur, sulphate of iron, etc., for grape mildew, berry rust and other plant diseases of a similar nature, as he claims that the life of the fungus is inside of the leaf, not on the surface. This latter is correct. Now why can't the vine appropriate the medicinal properties of the sulphate the same as it does other mineral salts from the soil? I know that for five years past I have prevented the grape rot by using sulphate of iron, and that the fruit on vines not so treated, rotted badly.

Simon Beiter, gardener of the Zoar Society, one of the most noted practical horticulturists in our State, writes me February 13th, that for several years he has kept his grapes from rotting by the following application:—one part sulphate of iron, one part sulphur and two parts lime—three or four handfuls around each vine. The French claim sulphate of copper to be a sure cure for the *Phylloxera*. On my neighbor's ground, only four rods from mine, grapes all rot. I would like every lover of the grape to experiment with sulphate of iron and sulphate of copper.

Let each grower try it and we will soon find the most effective remedy and the truth.

Why is it, that the grape rot, pear blight, potato blight, strawberry and raspberry rusts—often plum rot—all appear at the same time and under the same atmospheric condition? This singular coincidence should be examined in relation between these different plant diseases, if they exist, should be studied.

I shall use during the coming season the sulphate, both in the form of powder and in solution, for all of the mentioned diseases.—F. C. Miller, in Orchard and Garden.

Transplanting Trees.

All practices connected with transplanting that of allowing tree roots to dry when out of the ground is about the most reprehensible. In bad cases, when the bark is shrivelled, nothing will renew vitality but burying the entire tree, root and branch, in a trench, having thoroughly soaked the soil in advance. If not the best rule, it is at least safe to transplant deciduous trees soon after the ground is reasonably dry in early spring, and evergreens later but before growth begins. Magnolias may prove an exception to the first, owing to their soft succulent roots being susceptible of decay when not growing.

No use digging deep holes for trees; the small feeding roots keep close to the surface, always waiting for fresh nutriment and moisture. Make the hole wide but, only sufficiently deep to allow the tree to stand precisely as before removal. Deep holes are an injury in many cases, as the fresh soil will sink after heavy rains, taking the tree with it, and thus bury the roots several inches lower than required. Rich soil at an unnecessary depth inclines the roots to run deep in search of nourishment, and thus debars them from proximity to the air.

It is not so difficult to transplant oaks as many persons suppose, provided care is taken not to mutilate the roots in digging, nor to permit them to dry out when out of the ground. Exposing roots to the air for an unnecessary length of time is sure death to almost any tree. Oaks are readily moved even in a forest tree, provided they have been frequently transplanted, beginning with the seedling, of say two years' growth, and performing the operation every two or three years.

The old report of the Western New York Horticultural Society states that J. M. Meseear, of Cayuga County, New York, had very fine pears on an orchard where the soil was cultivated; those in sod were of second quality. His finest pears were on a lawn which was kept closely shaven; those amid growing grass near by were knobby. Without doubt the annual top-dressing received by the lawn was the cause of the excellence of the pears.

Culture of Horseradish.

This pungent root, so highly prized as an appetizer in the spring, is thus mentioned in the *Rural New Yorker*:

"Horseradish should be planted as early in the season as possible, or just as soon as the ground can be properly prepared, and if large roots are desired, the soil must be not too rich or too moist; do not neglect this. As a general rule, the more vigorous the variety the less it should be pruned. All weak or decayed wood should be entirely cut out, and also any shoots that crowd the plant and prevent free entrance of light and air. Besides spine pruning, many kinds of Hybrid perpetuals require to be pruned as soon as the first blossoming is over, in order to continue in bearing during the off years.

It is not so difficult to transplant oaks as many persons suppose, provided care is taken not to mutilate the roots in digging, nor to permit them to dry out when out of the ground. Exposing roots to the air for an unnecessary length of time is sure death to almost any tree. Oaks are readily moved even in a forest tree, provided they have been frequently transplanted, beginning with the seedling, of say two years' growth, and performing the operation every two or three years.

In place of the original solitary taproot they will form a mass of rootlets and small fibres, which insures the life of the tree. Careless digging of any tree is a fruitful cause of failure.—Josiah Hoopes, in N.Y. Tribune.

A Wedding Decoration in New York.

The American Florist has this to say of the decoration for a wedding last month, the bride's favorite flower being Jacqueline roses, which she carried. The maids were banded with these roses; in the grates were pots of crimson hydras and maidens hair, and on easels of foliage standing at the sides of the gates were fans of different shapes made of pink carnations and "hand painted" with sprays of natural Jacqueline.

A portiere of blooming smilex, thickly traced by long wavy sprays of passion-princeps, filled the arch between the front and rear drawing rooms; it was held back by trailing clusters of Jacqueline. In the center of the arch was placed the wedding "branch," used instead of a bell or other design for the nuptials to take place under. This branch is made of wire to represent a bough, and was covered by long-stemmed carnations and red roses. It is extremely effective, and is made also in white, and with double blush bouvardia and like colors, to give it the appearance of a bough of apple blossoms. Dracena glowing with crimson were massed on tables and cabinets.

The above was one of the costliest decorations of the season, all the flowers and foliage being selected. On the return of the bride from the wedding trip, she was surprised by a bed of flowers in her new home, presented by her father. This was worked out with admirable finish.

The cultivator who has an acre or two of Norton's Concord, or some other good wine grape adapted to his soil and climate, is indeed fortunate, for with

these he is enabled to induce the wine maker to take a portion of his Concord for the sake of securing the coveted wine grapes, or if he chooses to press them himself and ship the juice, it affords him the same advantages. The experience of those who have attempted to place pure Concord juice on the market at a profit in anything like a wholesale way have found it difficult and discouraging undertaking, while those who have either wine or grapes of desirable varieties find a ready market at satisfactory prices.

It is announced that arrangements have been made between the West Michigan Fruit-Growers' Society and South Ottawa Agricultural Society by which the former shall take charge of the fruit exhibit at the latter's fair in Holland next

FLORICULTURAL.

The Edelweiss, heretofore supposed to grow only on the Swiss Alps, has been found on the Tacoma Mts., in Washington Territory, 8,000 feet above the sea level. The Edelweiss is more courageous than beautiful, if one may judge from the dried specimens brought back by tourists from Europe. The flower is "woolly" the petals resembling in texture the plant sometimes locally known as "Pussy's Foot" *Antennaria Plantaginifolia* which is one of the earliest of our spring flowers, though rarely dignified by that name. The Edelweiss is said to possess a delicious fragrance, which however vanishes in a very brief time after gathering.

A Tough Insect.

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:
No. 44 Larned Street, West, (Post and
Tribune Building) Detroit, Mich.Subscribers remitting money to this office
would confer a favor by having their letters regis-
tered, or by procuring a money order, other-
wise we cannot be responsible for the money.

The Michigan Farmer

AND
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, APRIL 20, 1886.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market
the past week amounted to 14,771
bu., against 46,854 bu., the previous
week and 54,541 bu. for corresponding
week in 1885.Shipments for the week were 231,963 bu.
against 54,007 the previous week, and
77,554 bu. the corresponding week in
1885.The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount
to 2,207,795 bu., against 2,483,496 last
week and 1,173,706 bu. at the corresponding
date in 1885.The visible supply of this grain on April 10 was 47,683,402 bu.
against 48,972,918 the previous week, and
42,724,687 bu. at corresponding date in
1885.This shows a decrease from the
amount reported the previous week of
1,390,426 bu.The export clearances for Europe
for the week ending April 10 were
65,079 bu., against 569,589 the
previous week, and for the last eight
weeks they were 4,215,051 bu. against 4,
456,004 for the corresponding eight weeks
in 1885.The market gradually recovered from
the demoralized condition noted a week
ago, and has gained in strength as well as
advanced in values. The advance has
been helped by an increasing foreign de-
mand, the falling off in receipts at interior
points, and the steady decline of the
stocks "in sight." If these conditions
continue for a few weeks the improve-
ment will not stop at its present point;
but there are some future contingencies to
consider before jumping at the conclusion
that they will. The season has opened
very auspiciously in most of the winter
wheat states, and certainly eastern Michi-
gan never had a better promise. A good
heavy soaking rain would be a great thing
for the crop now, and would also put the
ground into fine condition for spring
work. But the plant looks well, and is in
every way promising. If other countries
are as much favored as our own, it will
require very short supplies or a foreign
war, of which there are again mutterings,
to cause much of an advance. Yesterday
this market was firm at the opening and
slightly higher; later, Chicago advices be-
ing unfavorable, values gradually sank
until at the close they were below Saturday's
last figures. Spot wheat was dull, and so were all white futures. Sales for the
day were 450,000 bu. of spot and aduturates.
For the past week the total sales were 2,
998,000 bu. against 3,052,000 bu. the pre-
vious week. The Chicago market was
firm and higher at the opening, but with
free sales and reports of further railway
strikes, weakened and declined a little
below Saturday's figures. New York was
a shade lower on spot, but futures steady.
Toledo was quiet and steady. Liverpool
was steady with a fair demand.The following table exhibits the daily
closing prices of spot wheat from April
1st to April 19th:No. 1 white, No. 2 white, No. 3
white, No. 4 white, No. 5 white,
No. 6 white, No. 7 white, No. 8
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No. 11 white, No. 12 white, No. 13
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Notwithstanding the best efforts of Mr. to have them cease, they kept on and work was finished the bill was signed and they then succeeded in getting his note for full settlement.

General.

The burning of a building at Covington, estimated that the Canadian government spends \$500,000 yearly for "assisted

It is said that 99 per cent of the home and pre-emption entries in Minnesota

A Julian palace car company is receiving orders from South American and railroads.

Centripetal cream separators burst last

at Elkhorn, Wis., the other at

It is authoritatively stated that

Cleveland is to be married to Miss in June. The lady is now traveling in

an amount involving \$5,000,000 in duties on "goods' and hamsters' materials was de-

ferred by the government last week, de-

pending a final decision.

It is not land enough in the San

valley to suit California, hence they

wish to lower the price of Lake Tulare, and claim 500,000 acres of land.

coroner's jury who investigated the

murder of the men shot by deputy sheriffs at Louis, decided to hold the deputies

responsible for their deaths.

On the northwestern railroads are

relied owing to the cutting which has

been made by the crowd, and unmercifully

"shamey informer" who visited Wood-

On, and tried to get liquor, was

The Scott act is in force there.

Rapids, Iowa, was nearly demolished by

fire, only person was killed, but

every resident was hurt more or less.

One of Kelleyville, O., died

last week, leaving his wife with

two small children.

When writing always mention Michigan Farmer.

resident Arthur is said to be in a bad

is thought he can not live very long,

his condition is said to be due to

work and irregular hours while in the

House.

ex-governor Sprague's estate at

asbestos Pier R. I. has been sold to Mrs.

prague for \$60,000. This is the end of

the mons estate, which has been in the

house since last week, J. E. Robinson, who

has been here for years, having trans-

ferred his residence to Canada, with \$30,000

in cash.

granted Presbyterian clergymen who

are to obtain a portion of the

Mr. Ann Moore's property, and

will endow a home at Phila-

for all such fortunate individuals.

Mrs. Thorp and little daughter were

in stalks in a field near their home near

Dear, Ark., the clothing of the child-

The mother ran to the girl's relief,

clothes aint fire, and both were

to death.

been discovered that certain officials

and Joseph Gray, of Covington, have

engaged together to defraud the

agent, which was made to pay ex-

portes for supplies, and a liberal pre-

return to the payment.

trede in the St. Lawrence River

damaged during floods along the shore

from thirty to seventy feet.

in weight ten tons have been sweat

of feet, and trees two feet from the ground with the ground. Many farms are

officials of the Knights of Labor

have issued a circular calling for

and their families.

are of men and women dependent on

rights for support. The difficulty

Gould and the Knights is no nearer

than before.

errible cyclone which visited the

last week, brought a sad con-

the wedding festivities of Mamie

of Rich Station, Minn. The storm

was leashed together to defraud the

agent, which was made to pay ex-

portes for supplies, and a liberal pre-

return to the payment.

the eastern part of Nebraska, and as

is the central part of Dakota, and

the western part of Minnesota, and

the western part of Iowa.

Deaths in all localities visited

are reported as over 150. At

and the freight house was demolished

the bridge was killed outright.

children, not to be behind the times, are

engaged against the oppression of parents.

At Troy, N. Y., the pupils in

the ward schools struck a single

and thirty minutes' instead of

at Troy the police restored order; at

the other the "strikers" ap-

pealed maternal slippers with excellent

hoped permanent results in the way of

order.

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Poetry.

TWO LOSSES.

We twain together in the summer dusk,
Had met again; full score of sun years
Lay, with their changes, 'twix our man's estate
And all the radiance of our college days.
We made the quiet eve resound with song
And merry tale of joyous student life,—
Then traced the record of our later years;
He in his stirrings faltered and grew pale
As reverently he spoke of her he loved
And wedded.

Many a happy morn

They rose to greet another peaceful day.
One, gloomy eve she fell asleep
And left him comfortless,—alone, alone!
"Woe more intense ne'er blighted heart of man!"
He said in voice all husky with his grief;
"O Hal, my boy, you never knew such loss,
And Heaven grant, Hal, that you never may!"
Then hands that oft had met in college sports,
Were soon crushed the rapturous song of youth,
Were joined in grasp more eloquent than speech.
Straightway a silent fell betwix us twain,
While each held converse with his lost soul.
"O Hal, my boy, you never knew such loss!"
His words awoke the grief within my breast
That time had lulled to rest; its agony
Came back with tenfold potency.

I too, had loved; had loved as fair a maid

As ever held the heart of man in thrall.
She sweetly said that woman's influence
Should give a nobl' purpose to men's lives,
And shyly whispered of her changeless love,—
The love she dared to hope would find me free
From woes that degrade and wreck the soul.
God knows my life was blameless for her sake,
She was my world,

Was joy like ours too perfect to endure?
I only know, one dark, unallowed hour,
Upon the dawn of that all-sacred day
That would have made me one, a message came
That changed my sweet belief in woman's faith
To mocking, jeering, scoffing, deep distrust.

He has his lost one still.

In one of "many mansions" she abides,
Her love prepares their age-enduring home,
And I—my lost one lives—fairest of old,—
Yet, cold and dead is she to him she loved,
And through eternity 'twill be the same.

A PERSIAN SONG.

Yes, thou art gone; but in my heart
The thoughts of thee remain,
As travelers leave when they depart,
Their ombres on the plain.

The sweets are soon forgot,
When ey's no longer see;
But then, altho' I see thee not,
Art present stll with me.

—R. H. Stoddard.

Miscellaneous.

THE PICTURE OF THAT YEAR.

(Concluded from last week.)

It was a few minutes past eight when Jean and Wm Mary stood on the doorsteps of Mrs. Mackenzie's house in the Cromwell road.

"What a big house!" remarked Mary.

"Let me pull the bell; which shall I pull, the visitors' or servants'"

"Servants," answered the mother. The sound of her voice was so strange and harsh that the child started and looked wistfully up into her face. "Surely, Mary, you know we are not visitors; there is nothing between the bell this announces visitors and the bell allotted to servants; we are poor outcasts."

She said this so bitterly that Mary again gazed at her mother. "You are pale and tired, Mummie; you work so hard." Mary pulled the servant's bell.

Jean Logan's heart beat so hard that she had to press her hand against it. The door was opened by a well fed fussy in blue livery.

"Mrs. Mackenzie?" gasped Jean Logan.

"Walk in," said the flunkey. "You are the dressmaker? It is a wet night. And is this your little girl?"

Jean nodded her head, and was ushered into a deserted servants' room; a roaring fire was blazing, and on the table were the remains of an ample feast.

"His servants are better cared for than I am," thought Jean Logan.

A smart maid asked her to walk up stairs.

"May I bring my little girl with me?" asked Jean.

"I am sure mistress will not object—she's fond of children; your little daughter seems very well behaved."

Jean had an impression of being suddenly transported into some fairy-like abode, all blue and silver, with flying cupids on the ceiling. A sharp agony smote her as her eyes swept eagerly round the room, and she felt she was in the shrine of a woman that was worshipped; a rush of tumultuous emotions passed through her, jealousy strongest of all, when her eyes rested on the lovely woman standing in the midst of all this refined luxury. Jean gazed at her with eager eyes, instinctively feeling that this was a being made for love. Keenly she herself felt the witchery and charm of the lady, with her bright halo of amber hair; those violet eyes had a sad expression, as if they, too, had known sorrow; the rich full lips had a baby pour, slightly bewitching; tall and graceful, she was attired in a soft mousey-gray peignoir with white lace; Jean saw with too painful clearness the gulf that separated them. She, the worn, anxious dress'er in her demure, plain, black merino, what was she beside that refined, high-bred lady? Yes, she understood it all now!

"On, what a dear, dear little girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie in the sweetest of silver voices, and bending down she said:

"Won't you give me a kiss, little one. I should so much like to have one."

Mary put up her face seriously to be kissed.

"What a mass of golden hair, like a shower of gold," continued Mrs. Mackenzie, stroking down the thick mane with her jeweled hand.

"What is your name, dear?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the child, volubly.

"And is she your little daughter?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie, turning toward Jean, who, pale and trembling, was leaning against the wall with the box in her hand.

"Yes, Mary is my child."

The sound of her own voice frightened her; her throat was parched, her lips dry.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked at her sympathetically. "Are you a widow?"

"My wee lassie has never known a father."

"Oh, how sad! But to be the mother of so sweet a daughter must be a great comfort and soften many sorrows; what greater happiness can there be to be a mother?" She was caressing Mary's golden hair and rosy face. "It makes up for nearly everything." She gave a deep sigh. "I have had a terrible grief—I have lost my own darling baby—it died ten months ago." Her eyes filled with tears, and for a few seconds she was unable to speak.

Jean Logan suddenly felt a wild throb of exultation. True, this beautiful creature was honored, worshipped, bore the sainted name of wife; yet it was she, the poor dressmaker, who was the mother of the living child! This, at all events, was a triumph.

"Perhaps your little baby is up in the blue sky?" remarked Mary in a solemn voice.

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Mackenzie, kissing Mary, "she was beckoned away by the angels. She was a lovely wee bairnie with such pretty, cuddling ways," and Mrs. Mackenzie wept again at the recollection.

Jean's heart again gave a big thump, for there, on the mantelpiece, was a cabinet photograph of Malcolm Mackenzie. Yes, there he was, the man she had so passionately loved, the man who had been betrayed and ruined her. She could see he was altered in many ways, these ten years—there were deeper lines in the face. A benumbing sensation was creeping over her, she feared she was about to faint; a mist seemed to rise before her eyes; she turned away her head; she could not bear the sight of this photograph. The burning sense of the greater wrong that had been done her sent the blood rushing to her face; her ears tingled. Would she revenge herself by revealing who the father of her child was, and so end the happiness and confidence that existed between husband and wife? She looked at the young mother, who was kissing the child of her own husband and weeping over the loss of her own—her tongue was tied.

"You spoil me, Malcolm," she answered, looking affectionately at him; "you are a fairy prince. But now, indeed you have gazed at me long enough; I want you to look at this dear little girl. Come here, Mary," she called to the child, who had been standing close to her mother in a dark part of the room.

Mary advanced shyly and slowly toward Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Oh, this is indeed a lovely child! What hair! like golden corn; and such deep blue eyes!" remarked Mr. Mackenzie, putting his hand under the child's chin. "But how did you come here, my bairnie? What is your name?"

"Mary Bessie Logan," answered the child, looking up wistfully into Mr. Mackenzie's face.

"Mary Bessie Logan," gazed out Mr. Mackenzie, in such a startled tone that his wife exclaimed:

"Why, Malcolm, why do you appear so disturbed?"

"Who is this child?—who brought her here, Wanda? It is too amazing."

"She is the daughter of Mrs. Logan, the dressmaker, who has just been helping me to dress."

"Mrs. Logan?—how extraordinary! Where is she?" looking eagerly round the room. At last he became rigid; a dark flush came over his face; as his eyes met Jean's she started blankly at her.

She rose slowly from her seat, trembling so violently that she had to support herself by holding the thick window curtain behind her. She returned his stare; there was scorn, not terror, in her eyes; and was haggard and white.

"Well, Jean," extending his broad, dog-skinned gloved hand, "won't you shake hands with me?"

But Jean did not take the proffered hand.

"Will you please to walk in?" she said in a curt, tremulous voice, pointing to the parlor door.

He followed her into the shabby room.

The only furniture consisted of a big table, a sewing machine, and a few cane-bottomed chairs; but the oil picture over the mantelpiece helped to give a look of refinement to the place.

Malcolm Mackenzie started back on seeing his picture. His ruddy face grew a shade paler.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "[never] have I done better work than that; how it recalls the past! It was so like you, Ob, what a bewitching lassie you were then! You are still very handsome, only too thin and pale."

"Cease speaking in that tone to me, Malcolm Mackenzie. We are not here today to talk jocosely. You have ruined my happiness. I am now striving to forget a wretched past, and to face and do my duty."

"I have come, Jean, to endeavor to tell you the remorse I feel for the wrong I have done you. I long to atone for it in some way. Ask me what you will and it shall be done."

"Sound your own heart, and you will see that it is not pity for my position that has brought you here to day, but fear lest I should betray to your wife who is the father of the child she admires so much last night. Don't deny this. When I went to your house, I was fierce with a sense of my wrongs, and thirsted for revenge; but the tenderness, the sweetness, and the sympathy of your wife disarmed me, and saved you. Thank her, not me. I shall never reveal to her who Mary's father is."

"Oh, bless you for this promise, Jean," he said earnestly. "If she knew this sin of mine it would, I fear, kill her love for me. She has a pure, sensitive nature."

"I know it, Malcolm Mackenzie, and respect her. You little considered my nature when you brought trouble on me; a trouble that killed my old father. He was a proud, upright, sensitive man, and never recovered the shock caused by his daughter's disgrace." Her voice trembled.

Malcolm Mackenzie paced up and down the room in extreme agitation; he poured wine into a glass which, as he laid it down, was shattered into a thousand pieces. He was in a frenzy of agitation—almost terror; he stared wildly at the white-faced woman, and then, suddenly, caught himself thinking what a picture the whole scene would make. His trained artistic eye took in vividly the varied pictorial advantages of the group; his beautiful wife in her luminous daffodil satin with all its shimmer of reflected lights; drapery that Paul Veronese might have loved to render. She, bending over the sad, pale, handsome woman in the dark wooden dress. The wife in all the exuberance of youth and wealth in the strong light; in shadow the woman he had ruined. It was not only pictorially fine, but it had a deeper significance. He was startled, as he thought of the pathos of the situation and the cynicism of his own reflections, he, the chief actor in this social tragedy, enacted in his wife's luxurious room—instinctively viewing it from the artist's standpoint; yes, he would paint the scene—it was grand. He would call it "The Old Love and the New." He was arranging the details artistically in his mind, debating whether he would put a man's figure in, when his child's voice aroused him from his painter's dream.

Jean sighed, but made no answer.

"Certainly life is sometimes very hard, but whatever your trouble may be, you must be proud to have so charming a little girl; it is compensation for a great deal, and she will soon be able to help you; won't you, Mary?"

"Yes, I can hem and sew buttons on," answered the child, whose mouth was full of sweets.

Mrs. Mackenzie went to her jewel case and took out a diamond necklace, which she clasped round her throat.

"How you twinkle, just like a fairy queen!" remarked Mary, gazing at her with marked admiration.

Mrs. Mackenzie looked up at Jean Logan, evidently expecting her to say something.

"Get a cab for Mrs. Logan."

Jean cast another look at him—a look that conveyed a life-long reproach.

To get her and the child was now Malcom Mackenzie's only thought; he was in terror lest his young wife should get a clue to the mystery.

"Won't you give me your address, Mrs. Logan?" asked Mrs. Mackenzie. "I should like to know how you are getting on, and if she will do anything for this lovely little girl. Do you know, Malcolm, it may be fancy, but there is some resemblance to you in Mary's face."

"To me, Wanda!"—he said this almost fiercely. "It is sheer nonsense."

There was an expression of satisfaction in Jean's face; she saw this remark of Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Malcolm, Malcolm, come and see me! Come and see the daffodil dress!" she called out from the top of the staircase.

"Coming, my darling," was the answer.

The sound of that voice sent a thrill through Jean's whole being; the past rose vividly before her; that voice had spoken words of love to her, words that had changed the whole tenor of her life. He was coming! The suspense was almost beyond bearing; it was torturing. At last she heard the door open, and as though fog she saw the broad shoulder'd form of Malcolm Mackenzie moving toward his wife; she saw him kiss her; she was love and happiness in his face; she heard him say, just as he had often said to her before:

"Oh! really, Wanda, you are a living picture, positively luminously beautiful; a vision of loveliness. I am indeed proud of you, my darling; I never saw you look as you do to-night." He walked round her, stroking down the satin folds. "What a feast of colors! It suits you admirably. Yes, indeed, I must paint you in this daffodil satin; you're a perfect picture." He kissed her again. "I have got something for you," taking out of a leather case a diamond butterfly, which fastened in the thick tresses of her amber hair. "This is in memory of our second marriage anniversary, my sweet Wanda."

"You spoil me, Malcolm," she answered with a sigh; "but I shall wear of men such as you—wolves in sheep's clothing. I shall tell her the truth. She must be warned in time against your sex."

"Don't be too hard on me. I was a brute once, and it cost me to be kind to you. I have come here to beg you to allow me to provide for our child, I am now a wealthy man, and can easily afford that pleasure. I have in my pocket a check for £1,000 which you must accept."

Jean got up; she stood erect, stern, and said.

"Keep your money! I would rather disconcerted. Her shell had exploded noisily, it is true. But now that the smoke was clearing away, she at whose feet it had been flung was not dead—not even wounded.

"Yes, I believe that was all, for just then some one summoned Jack. But as he went out he called back to Ned: 'I'll see you at Bryant's to-morrow night and talk this unfortunate blunder over again.'

"I decided to take her," Jack's quiet voice was saying wearily. "It's the only thing I can do now."

Ned spoke.

"She's skittish, I know, but (by way of consolation) she may outgrow that."

Jessica groaned involuntarily. Jack glanced toward the curtain.

"Well, drop the subject." In a lower voice:

"Keep it dark, like a good boy. I don't want people to know I am such a fool as to be taken in by a bag of bones, all paint and drugs."

Jessica was plump as a partridge, and her complexion was a "blowm" patented by nature's self. The morning room was unlit save from the hall. Thank goodness for that! She felt herself growing faint and dizzy. Was that Jack who talked so much about Jessica?

"I should think," severely, "it would be quite enough."

"Enough?" airily. "That's it! it's too much! You know an overdose of poison occasionally counters the effect of a lesser quantity, and I think," with a smile charmingly confidential, "it is something the same way with gossip—don't you?"

It was Miss Murphy's turn to gasp. Such a girl. But then one never could understand Jessica Ray.

"I see now" laughed Ned, "you know you're exaggerating. She's not quite as bad as that!"

"Pretty nearly!" ruefully. "I don't so much mind her skittishness—I could break her of that, I flatter myself—but she has a terrible temper!"

She must not faint, Jessica told herself frantically. Oh, she must not! Was that dark thing beside her in the shadow of the portiere a fauteuil? She sank down on it heavily, weakly, exhausted.

"Horror of horrors! It at first succumbed a second to her weight, then moved, prodded with vigorous energy, shrieked."

All faintness banished, Jessica leaped to her feet,

JUST AS BEFORE.

*She held the reins; O memory bright,
Of that sweet sleigh-ride long ago!
'Twas on a clear and starry night;
The hills were overtopped with snow—
There was no biting wind to blow—
She held the reins.*

*Its collection brings a glow!
We're returned I had the right
To clasp her dainty waist, I know—
She held the reins.*

*A year, and we were married. So
in time all romance takes its flight;
She rules me now, in wife's might;
To her sweet will I bend, for I—
But I'll—
She holds the reins.*

A Yankee in New York.

When Gordon W. Burnham, the venerable millionaire, died the other day, says a writer in the *New York Times*, the curtain fell on one of the most interesting careers ever begun in New England and wrought out in New York. Obituaries in the newspapers have told how he rose from a stable to be a capitalist, and here and there he has chanced upon statements representing the rich old gentleman as boastful of his humble origin. Such stories are more entertaining than accurate. Chief among the things that gave the millionaire pride and self-satisfaction was his acquaintance with Daniel Webster, whose statue he erected as "a friend's remembrance" in Central Park.

I have heard that it was under rather peculiar circumstances that Mr. Burnham and Mr. Webster first met. It was in a country tavern. The Massachusetts statesman was in the not unusual condition, brimful of good fellowship on an empty wallet. Mr. Burnham, in a more business-like manner, left an order with the landlord, and went to his room. An hour later a tremendous rattling and banging at the wall in the next room attracted his attention. Then the sounds of a stentorian voice rolled in. The man in the next room was summoning his neighbor, Mr. Burnham responded, and the inmate of that next room he found was Daniel Webster, with whom hitherto he had enjoyed scarcely an acquaintance.

Mr. Webster wasn't any less happy than he had been earlier in the evening below stairs. A decanter, not quite full, ornamented the table.

"I'm lonely!" quoted Mr. Webster, "I want company. Life is brief, and let's be joyful while we may."

Mr. Burnham was agreeable, and I imagine that to the end of his life the memory of that eventful night and the good stories that rolled from the Websterian tongue remained bright, though Mr. Burnham would never confess that he spoke sharply to his host the next morning because extras charged in his bill had never reached his own room. Mr. Webster had generously regaled Mr. Burnham at Mr. Burnham's own expense—a decanter had strayed into the wrong room.

Mr. Burnham was a Yankee of Yankees in driving a bargain. The close of the war found him with a handsome Fifth Avenue house on his hands. His keen foresight told him that it was a good time to sell such real estate with prices away up. Gov. Gardner, of Massachusetts, in knowing fame contracted to buy the place, and Mr. Burnham had just announced his purpose of spending three or four years in Europe, when real estate prices showed signs of a marked decline. Gardner wanted to be released from his bargain, Mr. Burnham, however, was in no such accommodating mood. There was every prospect of a lively clash in court. Mr. Burnham had Mr. Gardner's signature to a bit of paper, and smiled contentedly; but in the game of "Yankee eat Yankee" honors are often easier than they outwardly seem, and so one day Mr. Burnham was sadly upset by the discovery brought to his notice by the exultant Gardner, that there was a flaw in the title to the property which nullified the standing bargain. The flaw consisted in the fact that a newel-post fronting the house and forming a part of the structure infringed a bare half foot over the dividing line upon adjoining property. Mr. Burnham never forgave this "sharp practice," as he called the action that put \$30,000 profits just six inches beyond his reach.

Mr. Burnham drew his check for a round \$10,000 one day, when somebody up in Waterbury, where much of his financial interest was centered, suggested that St. John's Episcopal church needed a new organ. Just beneath the eaves of St. John's lived one of Mr. Burnham's wicked enemies, wherefore so the wicked enemy put it—Mr. Burnham carried his generosity a step further, and St. John's was equipped with a chime of bells whose music fell little short of deafening people for many blocks around. It was a sort of hellish bellowing down to the doctrine of searing coals of fire on "the other fellow's" head.

An Unconquerable Rival.

I heard a good story the other day of two ladies who, it is said, once lived in Chicago, and who were social rivals. They were on visiting terms, but devoted much of their time to considering how they could surpass each other in the richness and elaboration of their houses and raiment. In the progress of this pleasing rivalry Mrs. A. gave a grand reception, at which she appeared in a new gown of very fine and wonderful texture, which quite surpassed anything that had ever been made into a dress for a Chicago lady in the whole history of that remarkable town. Everybody saw the incomparable dress, and marveled greatly therewith—that is, everybody except the one unconquerable rival, Mrs. B., who gave a reception at her own house a fortnight later, to which the same people were invited who had attended the reception of Mrs. A. The astonishment of the latter may be imagined when, on entering Mrs. B.'s drawing room, she beheld all the upholstered furniture in the room covered with precisely the same material as that of the dress with which she had startled her friends two weeks before. In the language of the street, Mrs. B. "got away with her" that time, at least.—*Washington Capital.*

tion was in the main limited to the exchange list and to a few coroners who found it to their interest to watch the playfulness of the press. In those days the life of a newspaper was brief, but it was full of gore and glory. The rival presses would begin running at noon Saturday, and at four o'clock precisely there would be an impromptu massacre on the plaza, and then the editor whose trigger was out of order went home on a shutter and his type and hand press went to the sheriff, while the other's circulation would increase until it mounted up to a hundred, may be, and everything would be quiet in news circles until the next paper. Now all that is changed. To be sure, one editor will sit down in cold blood and inquire why his contemporary, who is a well-known wall-eyed thief and an intoxicated liar, has been bribed with \$3 into attacking the public enterprise which developed the new horse trough at the crossroads, or something of that sort, and his rival will simultaneously publish a playful allusion to the fact that his brother editor's father was hanged for stealing a Kansas mule, and that his mother's career terminated in the penitentiary, but as a rule no more sanguinary results follow than the biting off of an ear or the loss of an eye by the rough and tumble process known as "gouging" next time the two meet in the fashionable saloon. The consequence is naturally a great depreciation of journalism in public esteem and a deplorable scarcity of free fights in which the community at large can take much interest.

He Fired on Time.

They engaged a new porter at the Lahr House, Lafayette, Ind. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him. The other day Mr. J. B. Johnson, the Vice-President of the Omaha Chilled Plow Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman, and extremely particular about his room and service. That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about 9 o'clock; others place it as late as 10:30. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Johnson. "I am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeve.

"Well, what's the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, recited a rapid and fantastic jig, and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson, "crazy man killing me!"

"Shut up, ye dirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers and propelling him rapidly out of the room. "It's none of the loikes of ye that's wanted in a decent house."

"But, my good man," gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake. Let me explain."

"Never a word, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas, rushing him toward the stairs;

"we're on to ye? The house has had ye spotted!"

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one spluttering and kicking and the other grim and determined, shoot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby and disappear in the darkness. In a few moments Thomas returned, panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What is the name of heavens were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

Jacob kept out of the way for a while, but there was no lack of couriers to bring him information of the other fellow's discomfiture and the parrot's heroic defense of his cause. At last Rachel's father appeared, wearing on his weather-beaten face an odd mixture of frown and grin.

"Look a-here," he said, "between that denard bird's screachin' an' folks a cacklin' that gal's a most out o' her head. There's nothin' for you to do but go over there and try to fix up things as well's ye can. I guess most likely she'll see ye—I do no, folks can't always tell."

The upshot was, Rachel married Jacob, who sticks to it; it was the penetrative wisdom of his rival's parrot that did the business, and denies to this day all knowledge of the way the parrot came by his speech.—*Boston Record.*

admired him that Yankees were coming. Yankees were ahead whom he had first dodged, and his only hope was to hide. He hurried his horse into a thicket, and fastened him. Then, full of boyish curiosity, (for he was but a boy,) he crept to a log lying along the brow of the rising ground upon which he was, and peered over. Beyond was the river, and down the higher bank came 8,000 or 10,000 of Sheridan's cavalry. The young soldier's eyes stuck out, and he held his breath as he gazed upon the grand sight.

Rank after rank, in perfect line and order, as far as he could see, in quick trot, the masses of blue-coated cavalry came on, broken only occasionally by the rumbling guns and caissons of a battery. The buglers played merrily, the sabers rattled, the carbines glistened in the sun, the men laughed, sang and jested. In all the pride and panoply of war these splendid squadrons swept by like a dream before the eyes of the barefooted and ragged young rebel peering over the rotting log. There were Sheridan's dreaded riders, the seasoned veterans of a hundred raids and battles, who had swept in fire and blood through the valley of the Shenandoah, who had fought Lee in front and rear, whose guns had wakened the echoes at every Virginia hamlet and crossroads, who had fallen like a thunderbolt on Pickett, Bushrod, Johnson, and Fitz Lee at Five Forks and scattered them like reeds, and now eagerly and remorselessly were hunting down the flying enemy to the last scene of the great war.

YOUNG Washington had been out of town visiting his uncle's sheep farm. It chanced that on the Sunday after his return home the subject of the lesson was "The Good Shepherd." Young Wash. sat and listened to the teacher's discourse with a superior smile. There was nothing about sheep that he didn't know.

"How does the Good Shepherd know his sheep?" presently asked the teacher.

"I know," cried Wash., who felt that his time had come. "Some he slits their ears, and some he marks with red chalk."

SHYLOCK—Dot was a fine blay of Richard III, and dot Pooth he was a goat actor.

Gundelfinger—Ya-a-s, dat was so; but he was no neezness man.

Slylock—Vv not?

Gundelfinger—Dake dot hors trade in de last act. Did you offer see a man gif himself away like dot? Vy, I haft a frent dat woud haft solm de pest horse in New York for den tollars and a haluf and drone de harness in.

The boy's thoughts went to the cavalry of his own side—the worn-out hacks, the mules, the rope bridles, the ragged horsemen, the demoralization and despair—and he said: "Great God! what have we foolish been fighting?" Said he to me with a laugh, when he told the story: "If I could have seen that sight earlier I would have felt like saying, 'Good evening; I am going home.'"—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

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The Parrot Did It.

This true story comes from an old sea-board town in Maine:

Jacob loved Rachel, but Rachel wouldn't have him. Jacob labored on, pressing his suit at intervals, and after each rebuff telling her he was bound to win her yet, and convince every one she cared for him as much as he believed in his heart she did.

"Very well," cried the indignant Rachel, with a toss of her head, "keep right on till you make folks believe that, and when you do I'll marry you!"

Jacob did persevere, but with small success, and at last began to lose courage.

About this time another suitor of Rachel's arrived home from sea, bringing with him, among other exotics, a parrot of gorgeous hue which he presented to Rachel, who forthwith had the bird suspended from the sitting room window, where she looked out afterwards when her work was done. For a day or two after his elevation to this dignity the parrot remained marvellously quiet, only casting an eye about as if taking in his new situation.

On the third morning, however, no sooner did the neighbors begin to stir than he electrified each passer-by with the announcement:

"Rachel's gone on Jacob; no chance for John!"

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SHEEP SHEARINGS.

At Metamora, Lapeer Co.

The third annual shearing of the Lapeer County Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers' Club will be held in Metamora, on Thursday, May 18th.

W. M. T. BLOW, President.

F. H. ODELL, Secretary.

At Hadley, Lapeer Co.

The Hadley Agricultural Society will hold their eighth annual public shearing on the fair grounds at Hadley, Lapeer County, on Friday, April 30th, 1886.

GEO. DAVENPORT, President.

F. M. DEAN, Secretary.

At Ionia, Ionia Co.

The sixth annual shearing of the Ionia County Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers' Association will be held at Ionia, on the Fair Grounds, Saturday, May 1st.

L. M. KELSEY,

W. K. BROOKES,

Committee of Arrangements.

F. M. DEAN, Secretary.

At Jackson.

The annual shearing of the Jackson County Sheep-Breeders' and Wool-Growers' Association will be held on the Fair Grounds in the city of Jackson, on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 27 and 28. All interested are invited to attend.

J. P. DEAN, President.

W. E. KENNEDY, Secretary.

At Marshall, Calhoun Co.

The annual public shearing of the Calhoun County Association will be held at Marshall, on Tuesday, April 27th, on the Fair Grounds.

WM. RADFORD, President.

W. J. LAWRENCE, Secretary.

COL. F. D. CURTIS cuts slits with his pen-knife through spots of dead bark on his pear trees, cutting to the wood, and extending the slit into the live bark above and below the dead spot. The sap flowing through the channel forms new bark, and gradually extending removes the dead bark entirely, though sometimes more than one slit will be needed.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and other Diseases," "Sheep, Swine, and Poultry," and "Agricultural and Veterinary Medical Advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address, and a small sum, unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given consider your own interest by making careful examination of the disease or trouble before you call on me, no matter how trifling it may appear to be; examine the nostrils, lining membrane of the eyes, nose, ears or mouth, the respiration, temperature, pulse, &c., the body, head, neck, bowels, kidneys, &c., cough, discharge from the nose, eyes or mouth; or any other symptom you may observe. In cases of lameness, note the manner in which the animal walks upon the foot, carries the head, the position of the tail, the action of the limbs, &c., and degree of certain pains. These symptoms, when properly given, assist us to locate the disease, and ascertain in what part of the animal it is seated. The symptoms should be accurately described, however standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

Hollow Horn a Misnomer.

HASTINGS, April 5, 1886.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have a sick cow, which the night of March 31st seemed to be all right, but the next morning she could not get up, and has not been up since. My hired man thought it was hollow horn that killed her, as there was no bone in her tail for six or eight inches; but I went and got a neighbor who does a good deal of doctoring, and many claim they would rather have him than some regular practitioners. He said she had spinal meningitis fever, and it was very doubtful if she lived. Told me to give her 20 drops of tincture aconite, and put warm cloths on her back. She seemed to get better, but at times she holds her head at her left side and moans. Is generally worse in the middle of the day. Her bowels seem to be all right, and passes urine two or three times a day; chews her cud at times; nose moist at times, but generally dry; horns warm now but were cold at first; tongue white and whole inside of mouth; eats some hay and wheat bran scalded with some oil meal in it three times a day, a few two or three quarts of potatoes. Her bowels are quite warm at times in middle; ears and legs rather cold. Please advise me what to do for her. She is ten years old.

PARKER ERWAT.

Answer.—From the description of symptoms we cannot diagnose the trouble with your cow. "Hollow horn" is a misnomer. The symptoms given do not justify the diagnosis, "spinal meningitis." Your neighbor's prognosis may be correct. You can do no harm by giving the following: Sulphate of magnesia, one pound; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., two ounces; mix and divide into 12 powders. Give one every four hours dissolved in a little warm water.

Retention of Placenta in a Cow.

BAILEYTON, April 12th, 1886.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have been troubled lately by the afterbirth not coming away from cows after parturition; in some instances could take it away with little trouble; in others could not get it all away; seems to be fast and cows don't do well. If you could give me any light on the subject you would greatly oblige.

YOUNG SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Retention of the Placenta in the cow after calving, is of common occurrence, but need not cause any alarm unless there are indications of decomposition, no time then should be lost. The arm should be bared, the hand introduced into the womb, and the placenta loosened around the cotyledons or buttons which hold it; when it may be easily pulled away. Give the following: Sulphate of magnesia, one pound; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., four ounces; mix well and divide into four powders, give three times a day, dissolved in tepid water. Bovine Panacea No. 1 is our favorite remedy in such cases. Keep the animal in a clean well littered stall or shed and give nourishing food. No corn or corn meal.

Indurated Tumor on the Leg of a Colt.

CAUCASIA, April 12, 1886.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I have a colt two years old that got hurt in the stable, think was stepped on by its dam while lying down; on the outside of hind leg about half way from fetlock to gamboil joint, about two months ago, was lame some for six weeks, but very little now; did not break the

skin, but leaves a thickening in the skin about three inches long by three-fourth inches wide; it is loose from the bone, being in the skin. It makes a blemish, what will take it off? Do not think the bone injured.

CHARLES BUTTUOK JR.

Answer.—Apply strong tincture of iodine to the enlargement once a day, until the skin is irritated. Then dress with sweet oil or lard. In two weeks if not reduced repeat the iodine as before. Should it still remain; excision is the remedy.

Goitre in Lambs.

NORTH FARMINGTON, April 6, 1886.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I want to ask you some questions about my lambs. Every lamb that has been dropped has had little bunches or lumps in their throats, ranging from the size of a pea to that of a large almond nut; these lumps seem to have a tendency to stop their breathing, and the larger the lumps are the more difficult it is for the lamb to breathe. Now I should like to know what is the cause of these lumps growing in the lamb's throats; they seem loose and lay on each side of their wind-pipe, and if the lamb live, will disappear before they are a year old. I would like to know whether the season has anything to do with it. If any of the readers of the FARMER have had any such trouble, I should like to hear from them, through the FARMER. If you can tell me what is the cause of this trouble and how to prevent it, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Your lambs are troubled with a peculiar disease known as goitre; an enlargement of the thyroid glands in the neck. This disease has baffled the skill of the most experienced veterinary surgeons the world over. It usually appears in a congenital form, that is the lamb is dropped with the disease upon it. Its appearance in a flock of sheep indicates a loss of 25 to 50 per cent. The causes which produce it are unknown. This singular disease makes its appearance one year in a flock apparently healthy, and may not again show itself in the same flock for years. Treatment—Take of iodine and iodide of ammonia of each two drachms; rub down in a wedgewood mortar, and gradually dissolve in six ounces rectified spirits; add one ounce of glycerine. Apply without friction. Give internally the following: Sulphate of iron pulv. half an ounce; nitrate of potassa, pulv.; sotocrine aloes pulv.; of each one ounce; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., six drachms. Mix, and divide into twenty powders, give one to each lamb night and morning.

Paraplegia in a Cow.

GREENFIELD, April 9, 1886.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I noticed in the issue of April 6th, an article from a subscriber of Oakwood, which was headed "Paraplegia and Leucorrhoea in a Cow." Now I had a cow a few months ago that was afflicted in the same way as subscriber's cow, and I tried all the remedies I heard of, but to no avail. I then bought a sheep of my neighbor and killed it, and took the sheep-skin as soon as it was off, and placed it across her back over her loins, flesh side next to the cow. I then left her until morning. When I went to the barn in the morning I was surprised to see my cow standing up steadily and apparently as well as ever; she was a little stiff in her hind legs for a day or two, but she has been all right ever since. When I removed the skin wool on the sheep-skin was all loose and would drop off if subscriber will try this I think his cow will be all right inside of twelve hours after applying the sheep-skin. Be sure to put it on as soon as taken off, for it must be warm.

J. C. TUCKER.

Mr. J. C. Tucker, will accept our thanks for the above suggestion. We are always pleased to receive such letters from subscribers, it proves the interest taken by them in our efforts to benefit our subscribers seeking advice for their sick animals. A fresh sheep-skin years ago was a favorite application to the loins, in all diseases involving the posterior half of the animal body. In a few cases very decided benefit was derived. In many no perceptible benefit, but, in no case did the application do harm.—VET. ED.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, April 20, 1886.

Flour.—Market quiet and easy, with values on all grades lower than a week ago. Quotations yesterday were as follows:Michigan white wheat, price \$2.50 $\frac{1}{2}$ ctsMichigan white wheat, roller-process \$2.45 $\frac{1}{2}$ ctsMichigan white wheat, patents... 4.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ ctsMichigan bakers... 4.50 $\frac{1}{2}$ ctsMichigan flour... 4.50 $\frac{1}{2}$ ctsDough winter wheat... 3.50 $\frac{1}{2}$ ctsRye... 3.50 $\frac{1}{2}$ ctsBuckwheat per cwt... 2.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts**Wheat.**—Market open firm and steady, with prices slightly higher on Saturday, then weakened, and by the close of the day, had dropped below Saturday's figures. Latest quotations were as follows: Spot—No. 1 white, 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; No. 2 red, 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; No. 3 red hard, 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; Futures—No. 1 white, 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; No. 2 red, 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; June, 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; August, 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Corn.**—Steady for spot, with futures a little weak. No. 2 quoted at 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts, new mixed at 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts, high mixed at 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. No. 2 for May delivery quoted at 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Data.**—Steady and unchanged. No. 3 white quoted at 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts, and No. 3 mixed at 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Bailey.**—Steady at \$1.45 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. 50 cental for No. 2, and samples quoted at \$1.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Eyes.**—Market steady at 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. For No. 2. Feed—Bran is quoted at \$1.60 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts and middlings at \$1.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. 40¢ per ton.**Butter.**—Market weak and lower. Stocks and receipts are large. Choice dairy quoted at 18c, with some paid for a fancy lot; fair to good dairy at 15c $\frac{1}{2}$ cts, and creamery at 20c $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Fruit.**—Apples very dull; quoted at \$1.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., choice stock at \$1.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. Cranberries quoted at \$1.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Dried Apples.**—Market dull; quoted at 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. For sun-dried. Evaporated stock quoted at \$1.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Grapes.**—Market quiet at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts for fresh stock. Receipts are ample.**Fruit.**—Apples very dull; quoted at \$1.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., choice stock at \$1.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. Cranberries quoted at \$1.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Dried Apples.**—Market dull; quoted at 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. For sun-dried. Evaporated stock quoted at \$1.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Foreign Fruits.**—Lemons, Mazzelas $\frac{1}{2}$ box, \$4.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; oranges, Mazzelas $\frac{1}{2}$ box, \$2.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; Valencia, 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. 70¢; bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ box, \$2.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; coconuts $\frac{1}{2}$ box, \$4.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; pineapples $\frac{1}{2}$ box, \$2.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.**Beeswax.**—Market dull at 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. As to quality, Honey—Quoted at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; strained; 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Stocks light.**Mazella.**—Market dull at \$1.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts per bbl. for baled car lots of timothy on track; choice yellow at \$1.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts; low quality, \$0.50 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts per bbl.**Beans.**—Market dull and weak. City picked are quoted at \$1.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; unpicked are selling at \$0.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.**Onions.**—There is a fair supply of stock and the market is quiet at \$1.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts per bbl.**Indurated Tumor on the Leg of a Colt.**

CAUCASIA, April 12, 1886.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I have a colt two years old that got hurt in the stable, think was stepped on by its dam while lying down; on the outside of hind leg about half way from fetlock to gamboil joint, about two months ago, was lame some for six weeks, but very little now; did not break the

skin, but leaves a thickening in the skin about three inches long by three-fourth inches wide; it is loose from the bone, being in the skin. It makes a blemish, what will take it off? Do not think the bone injured.

CHARLES BUTTUOK JR.

Answer.—Apply strong tincture of iodine to the enlargement once a day, until the skin is irritated. Then dress with sweet oil or lard. In two weeks if not reduced repeat the iodine as before. Should it still remain; excision is the remedy.

Goitre in Lambs.

NORTH FARMINGTON, April 6, 1886.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I want to ask you some questions about my lambs. Every lamb that has been dropped has had little bunches or lumps in their throats, ranging from the size of a pea to that of a large almond nut; these lumps seem to have a tendency to stop their breathing, and the larger the lumps are the more difficult it is for the lamb to breathe. Now I should like to know what is the cause of these lumps growing in the lamb's throats; they seem loose and lay on each side of their wind-pipe, and if the lamb live, will disappear.

Provisions.—Market quiet at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.Butter.—Butters quoted at 50¢ $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shellback hickory, \$1.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts, and large at \$1.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.Maple Sugar.—Market quiet at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.Maple Syrup.—Dull and unchanged at 75¢ $\frac{1$